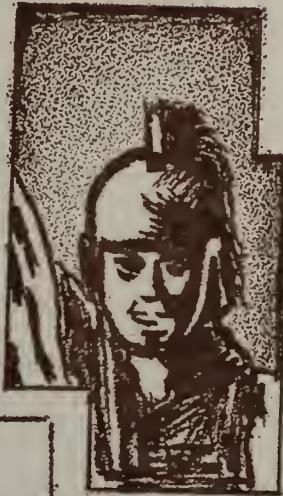
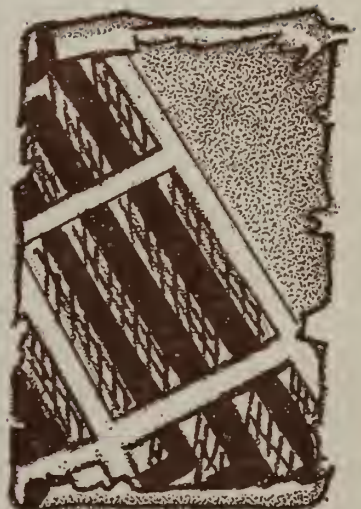


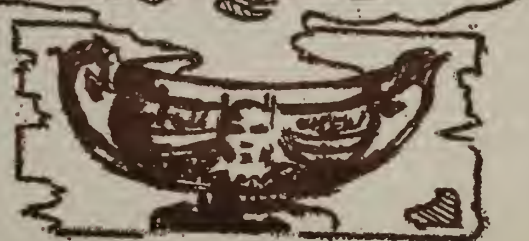
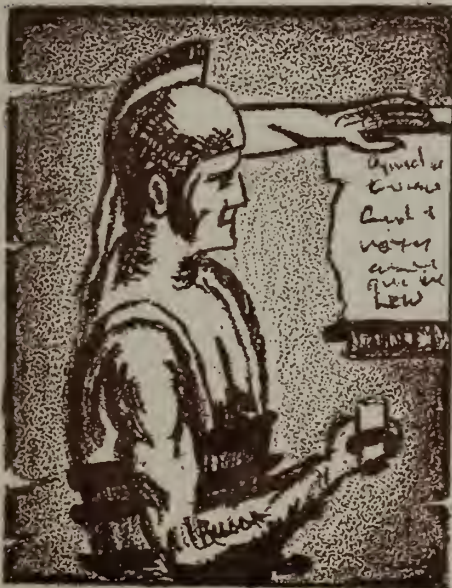
register



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— Clifford Scott



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THE FALL OF THE HIGH

Dennis Bechis '69

THE ROYAL PURPLE CURTAIN of the theatre rose to reveal a luxurious apartment scene with many colorful paintings on the walls and flower-designed drapes over the windows. A fashionably dressed man wearing a lopsided toupee was reclining on a spacious sofa, while an old woman with dyed-blond hair was knitting at a table. Inside a closet with an open door, wire hangers hung without any clothes and empty boxes lay on the floor.

Quite near the stage, Heywood Crawford and his date, Susan Chapman, sat quietly. Woody, as his friends called him, fingered under his left cuff and slid forward his watch. Although its luminous dial glowed very weakly, he could still see that it was only quarter past eight. He turned back to the play.

On stage there was a sudden knock at the door. Immediately, the man jumped up, adjusted his toupee, and then hurried to the door, while the woman hid her knitting under the table. At the door, the man, glancing around, pointed to the open closet door, which the woman promptly closed. The man then opened the door and seemed surprised to find a package lying in the hall, and not a visitor.

Woody ran his hands along the smooth legs of his pants. He adjusted his right sleeve cuff, which had twisted into an uncomfortable position. His eyes dropped from the stage to the darkness at his feet. He slumped back into his seat, and then looked up again. Low in his chair, Woody now had to look through the teased hair of the girl ahead, who was resting her head on the shoulder of her date. Woody wondered why Susan did not want to lean her head on his shoulder, or even hold hands with him.

He remembered how beautiful Susan had looked before the lights dimmed. She was wearing a pastel blue suit, plain sandals, and pearl earrings. The bow in her glowing blond hair sparkled in the brilliance of the lights above.



Turning his head to the right, he could just make out the outline of Susan's face — the rounded point of her jaw, her well-formed lips, a slightly turned-up nose, and thick, long, golden hair — her bangs hid her forehead. His fingers groped into his pocket and brought out a roll of coughdrops.

"Would you like a coughdrop, Susan?" he whispered.

"No, thank you. I don't have a cold anyway."

"That doesn't really matter. Sure you don't want one?"

"No."

Woody squeezed one of the coughdrops out of the roll and placed it in his mouth. He pushed it from side to side in his mouth and then let it settle on his tongue. He shoved the roll back into his

pocket and then clasped his sweaty hands together.

The play attracted his attention again. Resting on the sofa again, the man was speaking softly to the woman. His speech went on and on without end. Many words became muffled to Woody. His eyes drifted from the stage. The darkness at his feet was so inviting, so nice. . . .

The thunderous applause of the audience startled Woody out of his stupor. He started clapping his hands limply because he saw everyone else was. The powerful house lights above had been turned on.

"Good play . . . isn't it?" he asked, turning to Susan.

"Sure, I really like it," she answered enthusiastically.

Woody paused for a moment, thinking how to say he had to go to the bathroom. "Would you excuse me? I'll be back in a few minutes. . . . I, uh, think I have to communicate with nature," he said smiling, as he rose from his comfortable seat. That was nicely put, he thought.

Several minutes later, he was returning to his seat through the noise of the outer corridor. He shouldered his way to an entrance at the rear of the theater, where two girls, both heavily made up and lip-sticked, were standing. They smiled dumbly at him, each revealing two rows of yellow-stained teeth. He returned the smile and then brushed by them quickly.

Just inside the rear entrance, Woody met a friend, Wayne MacArthur, and his date, Michelle Ostenberry.

Wayne was dressed in a dark herringbone jacket, a shiny green checkered vest, and a striped tie. He always carried a pair of dark-rimmed glasses in his jacket pocket, although he used them as infrequently as possible.

Michelle was wearing a royal blue satin suit with jeweled buttons, a pair of high-heeled shoes, long white gloves, and a pearl necklace.

Susan was still in her seat when Woody returned with his friends. After the introductions, Woody turned back to Wayne and Michelle. "You sure look nice tonight, Michelle."

Michelle replied, "Thanks, Woody. I like your tie . . . real cool."

"Thanks. Well, how'd you like the play so far, Wayne?"

"I thought it pretty good. You know, you could tell it has a real deep meaning

. . . but I haven't figured it out yet. It's probably a satire on something."

"That's exactly what I thought, Wayne, . . . satire on something. Really I don't think you can tell from this point. Probably after the play's over . . . then we'll know what it means. You have any ideas, Susan?"

"Wayne's right, I think. It is a satire . . . on phony people. Like in the first scene . . . fixing his wig and hiding away the knitting — they're phony actions because the characters are trying to hide what they really are . . . they're pretending to be what they aren't."

Woody questioned her, "Well, what about the closet?"

"Oh, well . . . you remember there weren't any clothes in it. It could be that they were wearing all the clothes they had and didn't want anyone to realize that." Susan paused for a few seconds. "Trouble with people is that too many just see the outer face of things . . . and don't bother to look inside, to see what someone really is. . . ."

"Well, that's not exactly so," interrupted Woody. "They don't just look at the outer face. I think most people — me at least — try to look beneath the surface . . . like with this play."

"Yeah, but all some people end up doing is trying." Susan was looking directly into Woody's eyes. "Because people only see the outer face of people, they try to make their image more attractive to others. But, the trouble is, uh, that they distort their characters so much that they are unattractive anyway. That's what the play's trying to say, I think."

"Well, I still think we'll have to wait to the end of the play to make sure," Woody said. Wayne and Michelle both nodded.

Michelle carried on, "Did you notice, Woody, how the curtain came down at the moment of the dramatic climax in the last scene? That's what I call beautiful clockmanship."

"Yeah, just perfect, wasn't it?"

"Well, you kind of expect it to happen that way," Susan broke in. Several moments of uneasy silence followed.

Woody broke the silence, "Hey, Wayne, what do you think of that song 'You're Climbing All Over My Back' by, uh, Wesley and the Wastemakers? That's a great song!"

"Yeah, as a matter of fact, I really liked that record myself. It should have gone

a lot further than it did . . . at least the Top Thirty. People just can't tell a great record apart from the run-of-the-mill stuff."

Woody's eyes glanced momentarily into the balcony and stopped on two boys talking alone. "Wayne, isn't that the kid . . . what's his name? . . . Gary Lincoln, there in the balcony?"

Wayne turned around and immediately recognized Gary. "Yeah, that's him, all right. I don't know who his friend is."

"He got into that English seminar, you know. They rejected me though. I wonder why? Hah! They really think they can judge plays just 'cause they take that phony course. I bet they're analyzing the play inside out . . . the symbolism or motives. Or maybe they're not even bothering to discuss it. You know, people who have to analyze plays inside out before they realize how good or bad they are . . . just like them . . . they don't belong here."

Susan looked up surprised and was about to say something to Woody, but she thought better. She noticed that Wayne and Michelle were both nodding their heads in agreement with Woody.

Woody continued, "Have you seen the horrible car he drives? Whenever he starts it, it sounds like . . . well, like someone strangling a crow."

Wayne replied, "Yeah, I heard about that. Did you know that he owns only one sport coat?"

Susan studied Gary, while Woody, Wayne, and Michelle continued talking. Gary Lincoln had a tall, lanky figure, light brown hair that seemed to glow, and a serious angular face. He was wearing a plain light blue jacket and necktie.

The lights above flashed three times.

"Well, good-bye, Wayne, Michelle. Nice meeting you here. See you on Monday, Wayne."

"Sure thing, Woody. Good night, Susan."

Several moments later, the lights went out and the curtain lifted. Woody's hands felt sweaty and his right sleeve cuff was twisted. . . .

* * * * *

It was another bright, sunny day in Woody's life. A week of bright, sunny days now separated him from the night of the play.

Woody was lucky to find a space to park his Pontiac GTO directly in front of

the fifteen-story apartment building in which he had his rooms. Glancing up, Woody noticed that the curtains across his bedroom window, up on the top floor, were not flat and smooth, but rumpled and half-open. He hoped that nobody had noticed it.

Woody got out of his car and listened to how the car door clicked behind him. He really loved that car — it represented his personality in sculptured metal, a super-charged engine under the hood with 425 horses to propel him up and down the narrow streets of the city.

He stood on the sidewalk gazing at the beautiful polish of his car. He had just driven it back from the car wash around the corner.

"Hey, Woody, how are things?"

He turned around from the GTO's polish. Wayne MacArthur was sauntering up the street.

"Hi, Wayne. What are you doing around here?"

"Came over to borrow your tennis racket. I guess I misplaced mine, and I have a date with Michelle at the Country Club this afternoon. And I know how great your racket is. It looks so good, and handles so well, it's like you never use it. Hey, your car looks great. It really does. Great shine."

"Thanks," Woody called. He paused and then added, "Yeah, I really sweated over it this morning." He did not know why he had said that, but that he had had to.

"Well, it really does look like you put a lot of elbow grease into it. Yeah, about the racket?"

"Oh, sure, why don't you go on up to my room? Here's the key . . . I've got to get some things out of the car."

"Oh, did you hear? I just heard from Brewster that he had seen Susan walking in the park with Gary Lincoln a couple of times . . ."

Woody thought back to the night of the play. He remembered how indifferent she had been to him when he was driving her home. Although she had sat close to him, she had said almost nothing during the entire drive, and when she had spoken, it was usually a question about Gary Lincoln.

". . . you'd never think that Susan would have gone for some one like that."

Woody's eye remained fixed on the bright shine of his car. He could see a

distorted reflection of himself in the car door. "You're sure about this, Wayne?"

"Oh, sure . . . oh . . . gee, I'm sorry, I didn't mean . . . well, you know, but . . ."

"Well, I guess, if that's the kind of person she likes . . . then why should I waste time with her — somebody who doesn't appreciate me. We're obviously in a class above her. . . ."

"Sure, Woody . . . well, I'll wait for you up at your room, then . . ." Wayne's

voice trailed off, as he disappeared into the building.

Woody stood for several minutes staring at his car's polish. Mechanically, he turned around and stepped over towards the building. The darkness of the building entrance swallowed him up quickly and a door closed silently behind him.

Dimensions of Oblivion

*I am dead.
My mind has fled the body.
I feel life no more.
As memories return,
The Cosmos destroys their magic.
Eternity merges with nothingness
And there is no death.
This is the dimension of Oblivion
Where time cannot enter.
I am losing identity.
I am dying.
I am d*

— Peter Voisin '69

In Quest

*The blossoms lie in untold numbers
Along the path which idles upwards.
Cool is the stream which through them drifts,
Beckoning men to go amiss.*

*From a barren sky bereft of clouds,
In brilliant spurts the sun hurls down
Its glaring light to burn the eyes
Of those who push on ever upward.*

*The exhausted soul who gains the crest,
Senses something is amiss,
For in place of untold splendors,
Lies instead a wide abyss.*

— Emilio N. Favorito '68

A Bad, Bad Mood of A Naive One or The Search

(Dedicated to those who surprised me most.)

*I walk alone along the left bank of the Charles River.
The bright October moon casts a pale light on the city,
And forms deep shadows everywhere in the night.
The grass at my feet is already damp,
The wind at my back is cold and strong,
And there I walk alone, thinking.*

*Oh, God!
I wish I could return to my pseudo world
Of toys, and dreams, and Santa Claus.
How I loved the cartoons on Saturday morning,
The horror movies on Saturday afternoon,
Walt Disney on Sunday night!
I remember Superman, Darby O'Gill,
The Little People, and Howdy Doody.
I loved to play army and war
And baseball and tag,
And to get a quarter from Grandpa for a frappe.
In those days the summer vacations were long, long, long . . .
And lazy, and happy.
I built castles out of blocks,
And imagined witches in the old house,
And had real friends.*

*Now I live in a real world of pseudo people.
And you can ask anyone in town about the old house.
Now it's the favorite drinking spot.
Pseudo friends.
Yes. A real world of pseudo people.*

— Cornelius William Doherty '68

PREFACE

William McQueeney '68

FIFTY-NINE YEARS AGO the hover-craft of the MacLean-Waugh Expedition landed in a pocket of low radio activity in the midst of the Great Usov Waste. Approximately seventeen hundred years before, nineteen thermo-nuclear war-heads had detonated in a roughly circular pattern around the city of Kiev. This is believed to have been an experimental attack designed to by-pass the Russian anti-missile system. When these war-heads exploded, a literal tidal wave of earth and molten rock smashed into the city, forming a large mound where the Usov capitol had been.

From the military viewpoint the attack was one hundred percent effective. From an archeological viewpoint, however, the destruction was far from complete. Thousands of records were perfectly preserved in the sub-basement archives of the Ministry of Education and Security. These records totally debunked the hypothesis of T. Paul Trager and described in detail nearly all of his "common literary conventions," including the Pentagon. Because of the Expedition's effect on the Trager thesis, the MacLean-Waugh Foundation graciously dedicated their Usov Expedition to the memory of the late W. C. Doridee.

In the past fifty years we have seen more and more public interest in Pre-Cataclysmic America. This interest can be said to be the work of one man, W. C. Doridee. Nothing has ever shaken the scholastic world as thoroughly as did the posthumous publication of Mr. Doridee's flawless reply to the hundred year old Trager Thesis. Doridee's essays are the first perceptive treatments of the theory of meaning in fiction. His prime tenet was that the fiction of the ancients was indivisibly wedded to reality; the "Reorganization of Reality" is the basis of escapist literature.

Also discovered in the estate of Mr. Doridee were several novels patterned after the fiction of the ancients. Unlike his essays these novels did not gain widespread popularity. Mr. Doridee did, however, pave the way for the more competent authors who followed him, and he is still remembered today as the Father of the American Renaissance. The

best example of Renaissance writing is the body of work produced by Richard Edward Smith.

Last year Mr. Smith approached me and asked me to become his historical consultant on his latest book. After reading the final draft, I asked to have the honor of prefacing the book. I have attempted to make this preface a short, readable primer for the interested but uninitiated layman. My secondary aim is to provide a sufficient background of history to insure the public's appreciation of all the painstaking research which has gone into this book.

Mr. Smith's book deals with the fascinating disintegration of the American system of checks and balances.

Unfortunately our greatest single fund of information about this government must be taken from the files of a government hostile to the United States and forced to amass this information in a clandestine manner. The most valuable of this clandestine information was discovered by the MacLean-Waugh Expedition to the Usov. The **Malanofsky Papers**, as they were called, are outstanding among the Usov papers, not only for their style, but also for their lack of political bias. Malanofsky had apparently spent some time in America, and while he had developed no great fondness for the country, he had developed the ability to assess the American political, economic, and cultural scene with accuracy and clarity. Malanofsky, however, also knew what his superiors wanted to hear. Later investigations revealed that these were his private papers and not official documents. Nine of his official reports were discovered by later expeditions to the Laumer Foundation. It is notable that in these documents he is far more conscious of the peculiar political idealism which appeared to characterize the Usov government at that time.

The story of the **Malanofsky Papers** is a fantastic one. Malanofsky painstakingly collected, recorded, corrected, interpreted, and condensed the reports of nearly two thousand agents, sent during the period of approximately eleven years. He gives us biographies of such prime movers as Senator Clarque, President Howard, and the United Oil Company's President H. Novak. He records in pains-

taking detail the power play by which United Oil, with the aid of Clarke and Howard, took over first the Congress and then the Presidency.

* * * * *

—You must keep these stories as long as the world lasts; tell them to your children and grandchildren, generation after generation. . . . When you visit one another, you must tell these things and keep them up always. And now you must leave this clearing. I have finished.—

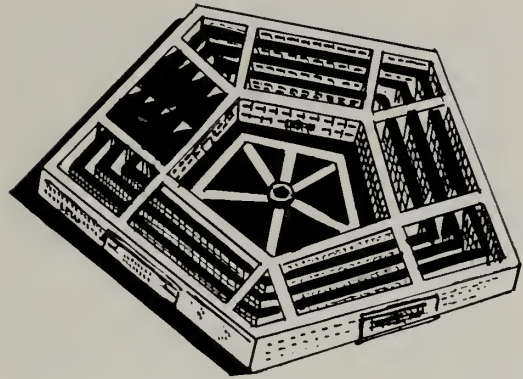
* * * * *

These are the closing lines of one of the best known of the Dakotas' legends, the "Legend of the Legacy." This well known legend tells of a strange rock discovered by the Dakotas only a few generations after the Cataclysm. The Dakotas claimed that the rock bequeathed to them a legacy of knowledge. This knowledge, dealing with the origins and achievements of Pre-Cataclysmic man, enabled the Dakotas to gain supremacy over the other inland tribes.

For several centuries this and other legends of the surviving inland tribes were just about all we knew of the origins of our society. Our knowledge of Pre-Cataclysmic society was even sketchier. Despite our appalling lack of knowledge there has been a remarkable continuity between our civilizations. We have retained the same languages, number system, and as far as we know, the same calendar; our years are still reckoned from A.D. (the date of some pre-historic religious upheaval). We do know that when these inland tribesmen began to rebuild our civilization, technological progress came quickly. This progress was one of the things which hindered historical research. Our scientific proficiency caused us to ignore the past as an area for study.

In its study of the Salina fragments the academic community found itself unable to separate fact from fiction. Students of the Salina documents agreed that whether fact or fiction, our predecessors quite obviously did have something valuable to contribute to our civilization; not in science or culture but in the control of political and economic power. The massive coalitions of personal, institutional, and governmental power and the system of checks and balances by which

they governed America are without equal in our fractionated culture.



In many cases we were unable to investigate some of the more desirable areas which had already been resettled or which were dangerously radioactive. As an efficient decontamination program has been instituted, these radioactive areas have proved to be of exceptional value as they were obviously prime target areas. Some of these waste areas though, were so totally destroyed that they are of no value at all. At present about fourteen thousand square miles are classified as radioactive. It is estimated that at least one-third of this area will prove productive for research.

Scholarly interest was first attracted by the discovery of the great Northeastern and Southwestern Domes. The first of these to be discovered was the Southwestern Dome. The Southwestern Dome is believed to have been built around the year 1963 A.D. on the site of what we believe was once the city of Houston. The Northeastern Dome believed to have been built some thirty years later on an unidentified site was even bigger than the Southwestern one and appears to have been retractable.¹

¹Originally it was believed that the Domes were erected as shelters of some kind. The lack of bodies within them and the shoddy construction, especially in the northeastern Dome, appeared to preclude this. The most recent interpretation of these edifices is that they were used as giant political meeting-houses.

Shortly after the Dome discovery the first comprehensive records of the Pre-Cataclysmic period were unearthed. The discovery of the Salina, Kansas, Public Library and the Hall of Public Records served to be more confusing than enlightening. A salvo of missiles were aimed at the states of Colorado, Texas, Oklahoma, and Missouri. The targets were the large population centers of St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, the Strategic Air Command in Colorado, the oil fields and natural resources of Texas, and the MacFarland shale oil processing industry in the Rocky Mountains. In the case of Salina, a freak blast appears to have struck the Salina Reservoir. Tons of super-heated steam and water fell on the city even before the shock wave hit. In spite of this, as frequently occurs in areas of even the most concentrated attack, several of the sturdier public buildings remained almost intact although much of their contents was destroyed by the super-heated steam which apparently hung over the city for several days.

In order to separate fact from fiction, a great many complex theories grew up. The most comprehensive of these theories was the Pentagon surmise of Thomas Paul Trager. His theory held that the ancient authors characterized their works by referring to fictional persons, places, and institutions. In his monograph Trager published a list of eight hundred fifteen of these widely used common literary conventions, and stated that any document referring to these ideas was by definition fictitious.

The literary convention with which Mr. Trager dealt specifically in his widely published monograph entitled, "An investigation of certain common literary conventions prevalent among the ancients; with a surmise as to the putative existence of a Pentagon in Pre-Cataclysmic America" was appropriately enough the existence of a Pentagon.

If the Pentagon surmise were correct, Mr. Trager would have eliminated thousands of promising documents. Later, Mr. Trager published a collection of those documents which he believed to be completely authentic. This work contained fragments of the Constitution of the United States of America, four Justice department memos, one hundred sixty circulars from the department of Agriculture, one report

of the Bureau of Standards, and fragments from the files of the department of Housing and Urban Development. Up until the publication of the Doridee Papers this theory held absolute sway in the scholastic world. The paucity of governmental documents which were acceptable under this doctrine did serve to stimulate academic efforts to uncover more records, but the list of "literary conventions advanced in the Pentagon surmise eliminated the majority of the records recovered. Many of these records were declared invalid and either lost or destroyed.

* * * * *

SECTION III, AMENDMENT XX

The Congress may by law provide for the case wherein neither a President elect nor a Vice-President elect shall have qualified, declaring who shall then act as President, or the manner in which one who is to act shall be selected, and such person shall act accordingly until a President or Vice-President shall have qualified.

* * * * *

Section three, Amendment XX, details the constitutional methods by which a President of the United States was elected. One of the principal goals of the framers was to insure an orderly change of government. The Constitution of the United States while a truly remarkable document does not accurately communicate an idea of the subtleties, the checks and balances inherent in the American system.

According to Malanofsky, in the year 2003 President Howard made a move to appease the growing power of the United Oil Companies of Pennsylvania and New Jersey. The President, citing the persistent political disorders in the Middle East, signed The Great Rocky Mountains National Resources Act, subsidizing the development of the strata of oil shale running through the Rocky Mountains by the four major oil companies. Agitation for this act had begun in the year 2000 with the patenting of the MacFarland magnetic generator. This process allowed a crew of five hundred technicians to extract up to eight million dollars in crude oil from

high grade shale in one week at an operating cost of only fifty-seven thousand dollars.

The Natural Resources Act was designed to do more than benefit oil interests. A coalition of Eastern industrialists and Congressmen hoped to utilize the "dumping" clause to empty eastern and southern cities of the highly undesirable and highly unskilled poor city dwellers. The "dumping" clause detailed the method in which the slag left by the MacFarland process was to be disposed of in such a way as to "insure the preservation of the area's natural beauty and prevent the occurrence of a menace to public health or safety." The upshot of this was that the oil companies had to employ nine unskilled or semi-skilled workers for every technician. The immediate result of the movement of the unskilled laborers from southern and eastern cities to the Rocky Mountains was the elimination of slums. The long range effect, however, was the death of the cities.

The atrophy of the eastern and southern coasts was rapid and complete. Except for Washington, in the District of Columbia, and a few seaports which were used to ship oil, the Atlantic and Gulf seaboards were practically deserted. Only the great purchasing power of the oil companies and their employees kept a massive depression from sweeping across the Nation. As it was, the governments of Mexico and Canada were changing every two months, and oil producing countries all over the world were living in fear of cheap American petroleum. The west coast had also lost a great many of its core city dwellers, but many westerners adapted and the American west soon became the ranching and farming center for America's petroleum industry.

In 2004 the oil combines had re-elected President Howard and Senator Clarque. However, President Novak of United Oil felt that, as closer and closer ties were established between the American oil industry and the American economy, he and his workers should gain a proportionately greater say in the government. It was generally agreed that the great migration to the Rockies had left Congress extremely malproportioned. Novak, rather than wait for the census

of 2010, decided to push through an emergency census.

By 2006 the census bill had been passed over the feeble protests of a disorganized East and South. This meant that in 2008 a newly apportioned House would take office. The oil interests had apparently looked forward to the elections of 2008 with supreme self-confidence. The nations of the world were holding their breaths as they watched America crumble. Domestically the nation was in near chaos, but nobody seemed to mind.

Eastern and Southern industrialists, however, surprised the oil interests by bribing the Electoral College into a deadlock in the vain hope of a military coup which never materialized. Instead they signed their own death warrants.

The oil men now decided to dump Vance, the so-called Rocky Mountain candidate, because they now saw a way to re-elect President Howard, their favorite tool. President Novak, from the gallery of the House, personally directed nine consecutive votes into deadlock. When Novak felt that it was obvious that no choice could be made, he directed his congressional cronies to nominate Howard to fill the office of the Presidency under Section III, Amendment XX, until such time as "the election of 2008 is justly and equitably resolved."

The last record of any dissent on the subject of President Howard's third term came four months after his unanimous appointment by both Houses of Congress. The joint Chiefs of Staff in an open letter to the Congress, questioned the constitutionality of Howard's third term under the provisions of the XXII Amendment. Senator Clarque replied in his famous speech on the applicability of the XXII Amendment that the wording of the XXII Amendment referred specifically to elected Presidents and not to Presidents temporarily appointed by the Congress.

As the election of 2008 was never decided, President Howard governed until the time of the Cataclysm.

It is during the three months, from the election of 2008 to the reassumption of office by President Howard that this story is set.

THE HIGH COURT, THE STREET, AND THE POLICE

Richard Alan Clarke '68

THE MOST RECENT ISSUE of the Uniform Crime Reports of the Federal Bureau of Investigation showed that America's population had increased 9 per cent in the seven years since 1960. Crime had risen 62 per cent. Why?

In an effort to contribute to the present inquiry, the **Register** herein presents an analysis of the role of the Supreme Court, the Congress, and the police in this prevalent crime crisis.

The various police lobbies in the United States have recently been increasingly critical of their treatment by the rest of the government and the public in general. In what may be a pre-emptive publicity drive to ward off their many critics, the national police associations have widely distributed the figures concerning the crime rise.

The International Association of Chiefs of Police recently assisted the F.B.I. in the preparation of a Crime Clock. The clock showed a burglary every twenty-three seconds, a rape every twenty-one minutes, and a murder every forty-eight minutes. Such associations are quick to add that their members are hardly to blame for the rise; indeed, they say they could stem the rise if given more authority and increased appropriations.

To what extent should we believe the reports? Dean Robert Sheehan of Northeastern University's College of Criminal Justice commented on such reports for **Register** interviewers: "It is extremely hard to determine any accurate comparative crime rates. Many of the critics of those groups that are yelling about the supposed rise in crime point out that the only figures we have come from the police themselves. It is a well known fact that

John James Hogan '69

many police administrators have distorted figures in the past in efforts to gain certain ends."

The truth appears to be that there is currently an increase in crime; however it seems to be a relative impossibility to ascertain the extent of the rise. The ability of the police to record citizen reports of criminal acts and the recent rash of summers of urban riots must be taken into consideration. But the question is not whether or not there is a rise in crime; rather it must be asked, how can what crime there is be suppressed?

Philadelphia's District Attorney, James Crumlish, attributed the recent rash of murders in his jurisdiction to the liberal decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States. There are many more who blame the entire crime problem in America on the High Court's "coddling the criminal."

The most frequently criticized of the rulings of the Warren Majority is the so-called Miranda Rule, which requires police to inform a suspect that he need not answer the questions they are about to ask him. Four of the nine members of the Supreme Court disagreed with the ruling of their colleagues, holding that the rule would in effect be the end of confessions. The police generally agreed with the minority opinion, and yet the bar associations have since pointed out that there has been no drop in the confession rate. Indeed lawyers have noted that confessions are not necessary for conviction in over ninety per cent of criminal actions.

Dean Sheehan agreed with the court's critics that many of the recent five to four

decisions have impaired the ability of the police. He concluded however that "the decisions are in line with the traditional American belief in the rights of the individual over society as a whole. They are in accordance with the Bill of Rights. The police will therefore have to rethink their methods of investigation and adjust to the new rulings, because they are not about to be reversed."

Washington's Police Chief Layton disagrees, claiming that some of the court's rules will have to be overturned. The Mallory Rule, which requires every suspect arrested to be arraigned immediately, is one ruling which does seem impractical. Not only does it overburden the police in Washington (the only city affected by purely federal laws), but it makes the confirmation of alibis impossible and gives many innocent citizens arrest records. Chief Layton cites the Mallory Rule as one of the reasons for the stratospheric crime rate in the Nation's Capital, and it is on this point that most authorities clash.

The problem of Washington's police may well show us the answer to the entire question of the cause of crime. Any one who has been to Washington will note the police are certainly very much in evidence, but one will also note that the majority of the city's residents live in ghetto conditions only minutes from Congress.

Robert Kennedy has correctly demanded an increased program of slum clearance in the District of Columbia and

suggested that even such minor improvements as the installation of mercury vapor streetlights have brought increased safety to the streets of many cities.

The remarks of Senator Kennedy are unlike those of most politicians who speak of crime in the streets with an eye to summer riots and white backlash votes. Indeed the only constructive action taken by the Congress thus far has been in reply to the "urban insurrections." In July the House voted twenty-five million dollars to help fight the riots.

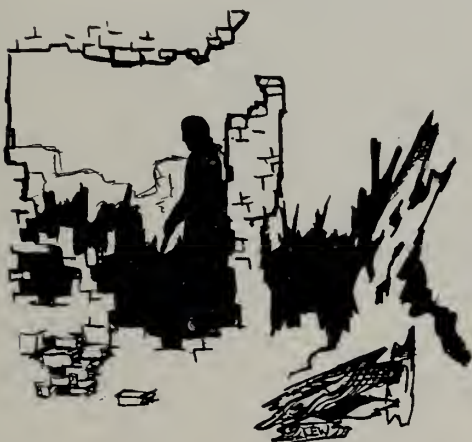
Such action avoids the truth in an effort to capitalize on the fear and anger of urban residents. There certainly is no need to waste money on armored vehicles as Detroit did. If anything is needed by police departments and anti-riot units, it seems to be more restraint over the exceedingly zealous and trigger-happy members of their forces.

This is not to say that Congress could not solve some of the problems of the police through appropriations. Although the largest expenditures have been on dubious stop gap measures, some money has been funded through the federal Office of Law Enforcement to study the causes of crime and train a few officers in new techniques of crime prevention.

The new techniques, such as improved community relations and increased emphasis on seeking the criminal's motivation, also cast light on the true cause of crime. Yet they fall far short of dealing with it.

Dean Sheehan, who serves as a director of the Office of Law Enforcement, suggests that the office is entirely underfunded. He noted, "The Government is spending more money on tooth decay than on the police." Not only do the funds fall short of what is needed, but political elements in the Congress, fearful of a federal role in local police affairs, have blocked direct aid to police departments.

An honest effort to implement the studies of the Office of Law Enforcement would include direct aid to raise police salaries and pay for programs to re-educate policemen in light of the recent decisions of the courts and of the improvements in investigative procedure. The



Congress has not done this. It has even refused funds to increase police mobility and communications.

Does this mean that neither the police nor the courts are responsible for "the crime crisis," but rather the Congress? Said Dean Sheehan, "No one element is entirely responsible. Some police are lax and some court decisions are detrimental to the public safety. Although the Congress could do more, it is hamstrung by the war."

While the war rages, it does seem that the government as a whole is incapable of razing America's urban ghettos, the breeding ground for crime. Nevertheless

the war can not be used as a total excuse. Police Departments can still attempt to improve their standards and adjust to court rulings, rather than merely to criticize them. The Congress can rechannel those funds it has appropriated into more constructive direct aid.

Those changes accomplished, the country must then wait for an end to the belligerence in Asia and hope that if peace does come, the Administration will turn immediately to the enormous task of ridding the country of the blight, the poverty, and the ignorance that are the causes of crime in the streets.

Remember?

*Remember the games we played
The fun we had
When we were young and
Full of spirit!
Remember the trees we climbed,
Bikes we rode
When we had much to look to
And little to fear!
Remember the snow in its
White beauty
And the songs of
Christmas time!
Remember the hours in school,
And the final bell in Spring,
No more rulers, no more books,
No more!*

*Remember the pleasures
Of youth and life
and
cry*

— Tutlys, A. J. '68

Merry Christmas #1

(To D - -)

*The red and yellow lights in all the windows
make me forget about the cold and snow
on this winter's night.
In fact these lights warm me so much
that I welcome the cold and snow,
for tonight is Christmas Eve,
and everything is wonderful.
The organ music floats out of the church,
and the sound of Christmas Carols fills the air.
The huge tree in the garden is decorated,
and the multi-colored lights illuminate the square.
I've sent all my cards, and given all my presents,
and now have such a good feeling inside,
for tonight is Christmas Eve
and everything is high gear,
and I love the world.
Merry Christmas.*

— Cornelius William Doherty '68

Merry Christmas #2

(To Charlestown and most of its people.)

*The stars shine bright in the frigid winter sky.
There is no snow this Christmas;
Just the cold, dry air, driven hard from the northwest.
As I take a short cut through a cobblestone alley,
on my way home,
I pass empty dwellings which the wind howls through,
rattling shutters, loose shingles, and window frames.
I pass a drunk,
see a bony rat,
hear a crying cat,
and I smell the terrible odor of a fire-ravaged house.
Then I hear the screech and rumble of the elevated train,
as it snakes its way through this dying town.
Unconsciously my pace quickens,
And I hasten home,
for it's Christmas Eve,
and I long to be home.
Merry Christmas.*

— Cornelius William Doherty '68

Pipe Dreams

*I asked a fledgling where he was flying,
With fixed stare, he did not falter,
but joined the flock reaching for the sun.*

*The reddening sun leaped behind a mountain
drawing with golden twine a dark curtain
of dubious clouds.*

* * *

*I drifted down streams of sparkling wine,
drinking the cool, refreshing air.
Nothing to do, nowhere to go.
Gentle breezes brushed the worry from my face
and then . . .*

*(I saw a man huddle in darkness,
and as I came closer he resolved
into a haze.)*

*I floated past castles of stone and gold,
past meadows of waving grass and mountains
of juniper, tall and thick.
In the blue above, mockingbirds reeled with
delight and sang honey melodies.
Clouds swelled with windy pride and basked in
the sun's smile.*

*Warm and lazy, the streams flowed on and on
and here and there and everywhere . . .*

*(The man huddled in darkness again,
naked, without a purpose in life.)*

O, if only I could stay there.

* * *

The curtain of night lifted over the stage of Life.

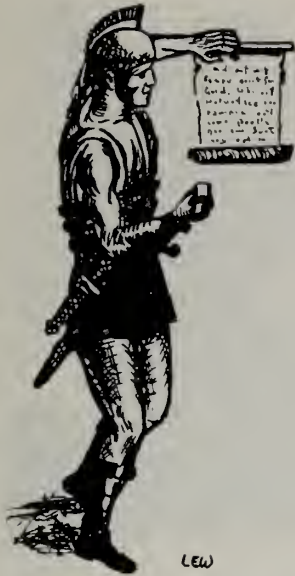
*I asked another fledgling where he was flying.
With fixed stare, he too joined the flock
reaching for the sun.*

— Dennis Bechis '69

Awakening

*As I unwrap the bonds of sleep
And see the darkling world
Loom close with fangs of war,
I pity myself for thinking of peace,
A dream for Eternity.
Why do people need to hate?*

— Peter Voisin '69



EDITORIALS

Stephen E. Smith '68

FOR THE SAKE OF DISSENT

AS THE EDUCATIONAL atmosphere in the United States has become more hectic with the advent of the '60's, the social and political atmosphere on the nation's college campuses has become proportionally more active.

The principal manifestation of political thought on the part of the contemporary academic community takes the form of active dissent. Dissent is the name society gives to the action which protestors take against the accepted theories of behavior and social procedure.

In the past, dissent has, in the majority of cases, been used to bring about positive changes in the attitudes of society. Now, however, dissent, in the form of demonstrations, is being transformed into a negative instrument used mainly as an end in itself. There are many demonstrators, particularly young people in search of a set of social and moral standards who are unwittingly falling into the trap of demonstrating for the sake of demonstration alone.

This nation has a proud heritage of individual thought and action based upon the freedoms expressed in the Bill of Rights. It, indeed, has been this heritage, and the action stemming from it, which has sustained both our democratic form of government and our social order. It would be a shame if this generation, the most affluent, the most intellectually aware, and the most socially conscious in the history of this nation, were to cast the first stone in the agonizing death of this system. It is indeed possible that blind dissent, dissent leading to nothing more than a feeling of frustration, and thus, more dissent could force the keepers of the established social order to take rash and desperate steps to maintain that order.

The members of the "60's generation" have inherited a legacy consisting of hard won principles and long defended beliefs. It is their obligation to defend the beliefs which they try and which they find to be worthwhile, as well as to build upon their rich inheritance increasing the bequest until, in turn, they are to will it to their beneficiaries.

As long as the youthful dissenters do not lose sight either of their inheritance, of the principles of law and order, or of their goals, with regard to political and moral issues, the concept of dissent will continue to supply the interested members of American society with an informal method of asserting and legally demonstrating their personal beliefs.

MAGINOT EAST



RECENTLY THE PENTAGON has disclosed a plan to build a fence across the forty mile long demilitarized zone separating North and South Vietnam. Mr. McNamara's fence will be built of barbed wire and "sophisticated electronic devices." The Pentagon has disclosed that these devices will include listening devices, miniature television cameras, and a very special device designed to pick up the body odor of a sweating Viet cong. A strip of ground on both sides of the fence will be cleared of ground cover by special weed killers.

Hopefully, this barrier will prevent a direct invasion of South Vietnam across the demilitarized zone. Furthermore the Defense Department has postulated that their jungle barricade will cut down significantly the infiltration of men and supplies across the DMZ.

Disregarding the expense of this fence, we have the problem of the effect of the Vietnamese climate on the "sophisticated electronic devices." The Vietnamese climate is undoubtedly the worst in which the United States has ever waged a major campaign. Assuming, however, that these devices can be suitably protected against heat, humidity, insects, jungle-rot, and Viet cong sabotage, we are still faced with the immense and inherent impracticability of any such project. No barrier of mere barbed wire could ever halt, more than momentarily, a full scale assault by either North Vietnamese or Chinese troops across the DMZ. Admittedly the DMZ is a major staging area for North Vietnamese infiltration; however, the barrier is to be built on South Vietnamese land and will not deny North Vietnam even one inch of the DMZ. The barricade can only force North Vietnamese infiltrators to detour around it. The only efficient way to impede the flow of men and arms into the South would be to barricade the Ho Chi Minh and Prince Sihanouk trails through Laos and Cambodia, a project which even the Defense Department admits is impossible.

The true danger in this fence lies not in the North Vietnamese's ability to evade our detection devices, but rather in the ability of individual North Vietnamese in widely scattered areas to activate these devices at will. This tactic would simulate a full scale invasion across the DMZ, sending U. S. and South Vietnamese defenders on costly wild goose chases and leaving vital military installations unmanned.

Several years ago the French finally decided that their Maginot Line was obsolete. The Government stripped it of all military equipment and sold sections of it to private interests as underground amusement parks, restaurants, and garages. Hopefully the United States will have as much luck in disposing of its Maginot East.

AN AMERICAN PRECEDENT

AN INCUMBENT PRESIDENT is never defeated, especially during time of national crisis abroad. Nevertheless a great number of news analysts did not laugh exceedingly loud when New York City Mayor John Lindsay predicted that "right now even Mickey Mouse could beat Lyndon."

George Gallup has not yet asked people if they would consider that comic character over Mr. Johnson; however, the Gallup poll does show that five possible G.O.P. contenders could all defeat the chief executive were a presidential election to be held today. Why have Americans broken precedent and turned away from the man to whom they gave such a large plurality in November of 1964?

The answer lies in 1964 as much as today, in Detroit as much as in Da Nang. Lyndon Johnson ran on a peace platform that year; indeed, he went as far as to promise an end to the draft. With the coming of the Pax Johnsoniana, we were told that prosperity would soon arrive in all its glory for all our people. Poverty was to be eradicated and the cities were to become flowered gardens. Labor and management were to unite and a rising economy would know no end. Instead of all of this, America has been subjected to four years of deep and bitter crisis.

Both in Viet Nam and in the summer riots the President has followed a policy of consensus. He has seemingly been unable to take a definite stand on any issue for fear that he might destroy his miraculous political union. The man who was the master on the floor of the Senate can not master the role of the President. He has alienated the left and the right and accomplished nothing of note.

The Administration's social welfare program has collapsed and those who are supposed to be enjoying the most widespread prosperity in our history have seen fit to invent the term "profitless prosperity." The reason for the discontent and the mediocre performance of the government is, of course, the apparently insoluble belligerence on the Indo-Chinese Peninsula.

Slowly, Hawk and Dove, moderate and middle class are coming to the realization that, regardless of politics or emotion, pragmatists must unite to end the war sooner than the current Administration can. Then progress (whatever that means to any particular individual) can materialize.

In 1952 Americans ended a limited war by clearing the slate and accepting the vague promises of the loyal opposition. They would not be at all unwise if they followed that American precedent in 1968 rather than the precedent regarding incumbents.

AN APPRAISAL OF THE UNITED NATIONS

"Say you're at a cocktail party.

Someone makes a remark about the U.N.

Says it's nothing more than a debating society.

What do you say?

Say this: Maybe the U.N. didn't keep the crises in the Congo, the Gaza Strip, Palestine, or Korea from turning into World War Three, but who'd be crazy enough to want to find out?"

* * * *

The words most often used to describe the United Nations are "nobly conceived." Yes, the United Nations **is** nobly conceived, but what is its actual stature as an international forum, mediator, and policeman?

During the Arab-Israeli crisis, a staggering volume of words was kicked about in the U.N. We heard eloquence by Israel's delegate, accusations by such notables as Muhammed el Kony, and ominous threats by the two "big powers." But we also witnessed the world's complete disregard for the U.N.'s exhortations, pleas, and ultimatums. Israel, feeling that U.N. decisions were not in her best interests, simply adopted a policy of "act first, tell the U.N. later." The United States turned a deaf ear to requests for a condemnation of Israel. The Soviet Union, while crying for peace on the Security Council floor, continued to supply the United Arab Republic with sophisticated offensive weapons. The U.A.R. was decrying Israeli atrocities while committing a few of its own. And so everyone had his say with the result that nothing was accomplished. In short, the crisis proved that the U.N. is a superlative forum with but one unfortunate drawback: it is powerless.

In its role as policeman, the U.N. has met with scant success. U.N. peacekeeping teams have simply failed to keep the peace. It has been found, however, that they **do** serve as excellent cannon-fodder. Since the 'fifties, scores of U.N. soldiers have been killed in Korea alone.

It becomes rather obvious, then, that the United Nations is a paper tiger in the true Mao tse-Tung sense of the word: much talk, little action.

Yet even in its present attenuated form, the U.N. has made significant strides in the fields of world health and (to a smaller extent) world understanding. The concept of a united body of nations must be, therefore, basically sound. But here we are confronted with a paradox. The U.N. is like a baseball player who has all the "tools" but just cannot produce when it really counts.

Are the member nations **really** united, or are they constantly bickering and fearing for their sovereignties? Sadly, the latter is the case. Even the incessant quarreling of the smaller nations, however, becomes unimportant when compared to the U.N.'s greatest problem, the standoff between the United States and the U.S.S.R. Let us be realistic. Assume the U.S.S.R. has deliberately fired a nuclear missile at the United States. Our retaliatory plan does not even vaguely encompass the U.N. Our counter-attack would be swift and carried out with the advice of no other nation or deliberative body. Therefore, are we not merely paying lip service to the U.N.'s peacekeeping ability?

Once again a paradox confronts us. The idea of a United Nations is simply too good to be scrapped. But the transformation of the U.N. into an effective peace-keeper would necessitate a change in the very fiber and spirit of the body. It is a change few are willing to attempt. Simply stated, all nations would have to turn over all means of waging large-scale international warfare to the U.N. We believe that only if the U.N. is the supreme military power in the world will true and perhaps everlasting peace come about.

Would such a plan give rise to a Big Brother type of super-government? This is difficult to say, since a world lacking in international suspicion is a totally unknown quantity. Admittedly, the institution of such a plan would infringe upon rights which nations have heretofore considered holy. Yet perhaps it is the very holiness of these rights which is causing world tension.

Finally, one must ask if this plan is the only answer. We believe that once the radicalism of the plan has worn off and once the alternatives have been weighed, it will emerge as the best guarantee of our continued existence.

Jeffrey Winacoo '69

LORDS AND MASTERS

THE OXFORD GRADUATE who holds forth in Room 211 is one Donald Vincent Ward, who has exchanged his teaching post in the Thomas Bennett School of Crowley, England, with Mr. Kevin Roche, former literary adviser to the **Register**.

Mr. Ward went through the grammar school system in England, leaving Burton-on-Trent Grammar School in 1955. Following a period of two years spent with the Royal Army, he attended St. Catherine's College, Oxford, graduating with a B.A. in 1961, an M.A. in 1966.

Aside from educational practices, Mr. Ward has found much in the United States that has surprised him. Coming directly from the British welfare system, which provides a basic personal living standard, he was surprised at the extremes of affluence and poverty found here. Also a pleasant surprise to the visiting Englishman was the hospitality shown him by his new friends and neighbors. "I've never been treated quite so royally in my life," he says.

Concerning educational practices, Mr. Ward believes co-education to be essential for a healthy educational atmosphere. He feels that discussions involving only males tend to take on a "beefy, beery" complexion. He also thinks that a numerical marking system is particularly inappropriate to the teaching of English, since he finds it almost impossible to grade one paper against another by numbers. Noting educational practices in his own country, Mr. Ward believes that drama should be an integral part of English Literature courses. He remarks that a British school, comparable in size to this one, would have about six or seven highly active dramatic societies.

In the classroom, Mr. Ward combines standard teaching methods with a free atmosphere that often provokes stimulated, intelligent conversation.

"Every English teacher should at least attempt to write," he says, and practices what he preaches, as he has written an "unsellable" novel, and a number of plays, one of which was entered in an English national competition ("and got nowhere").



— Al Kuritsky

Mr. Ward's hobbies include music and the theater. He has been pleased by the amount of musical activity in the Boston area. Knowledgeable concerning the modern theater and cinema, he deplores the widespread "shoddiness and lack of creativity" in the theater. He laments the theater's dependence on public tastes and says that "any art form which depends solely on people's tastes is bound to become banal and commercialized."

While welcoming the opportunity for a teacher exchange, Mr. Ward feels that he is in no position to offer criticism or even comparisons of the two educational systems. At the end of his stay, however, he plans to make what he hopes will be useful social observations. He feels that international exchange programs are both broadening and enlightening teaching experiences.

MISS PAULA PATNEYN, who teaches French in room 230, did not realize that she would be one of the first of four women to teach at the Boston Latin School. "It just happened that there was an opening here, and I naturally assumed that there had been other women teachers here."



— Al Kuritsky

Miss Patneyn, who is a native of Syracuse, New York, graduated from Boston University in 1966. She is one of those

thousands who come to study in Boston and fall in love with the city. "There is just no comparison with any place else." Except for an occasional trip to Syracuse, Miss Patneyn plans to make Boston her home.

Miss Patneyn would also like to continue teaching at the Latin School. "I can't say that I would like to teach here forever, that would sound pretentious since I've only been here four weeks; I don't think people would accept me as an institution, just yet, but maybe later..."

The charming young French teacher is of the opinion that Latin School is "a good school, with good students, and a good faculty." However she feels that the school's marking system is not as tough as it is alleged to be.

When asked whether she would welcome the arrival of more women teachers next year, she said, "It really doesn't make much difference. By next year I will already have been accepted. It would be nice to see another woman around the school though. I never thought I'd say this, but you do get awfully tired of seeing male faces all day long."

She explained that our four **magistrae** do not share the free periods, and other than at lunch they don't get together socially. She added, however, that everyone has been extremely nice to her.

When asked for her philosophy of teaching, Miss Patneyn replied frankly, "Come back in about five years and ask me that again. Right now I'm just not sure."



Life

*From rocky heights to the engulfing ocean the river flows,
And in the long, cold, snowy winter time its surface freezes.
Yet always the fish swim below,
And the current never ceases.*

— Cornelius William Doherty '68

ALUMNI SECTION

HAROLD LANE

New York Executive, Latin School Man

(Mr. Lane is the chief executive officer of the Lerner Corp., a New York based nationwide retail chain. Mr. Lane, who was graduated in 1908, has been active in many large retail corporations and civic organizations in New York, Connecticut, and Massachusetts.)

REGISTER: Mr. Lane, you left Boston many years ago and have since risen to the highest echelons of the business community here in New York City. How does a boy from Boston break into the establishment?

Mr. Lane: New York is a very, very large city compared to Boston, but while that means that there is a great deal of competition, it also means that there are many more opportunities to get ahead.

Of course, that wasn't quite my experience. I started working in the business and retail communities in Boston. Originally I had planned to go into the textile manufacturing business with my older brother, after I graduated Lowell Textile Institute. But my brother died before I even attended the institute and it was too late to take the exams for Harvard, so I went to work in Filene's. It wasn't very long before I was made chief buyer for the Automatic Bargain Basement. In that post I had to ride down to New York by train every Monday night to select the lots for the store. It used to take us five hours on the Merchants express to New York. How long did it take you to get here today?

REGISTER: We took the jet shuttle. It took a little over an hour.

Mr. Lane: That's why the New Haven is dying and they're trying to merge with the New York Central and Penn. Well, at any rate, coming down to New York that often I met a number of people regularly. One group was the three

Lerner brothers; they were interested in starting a store. So we joined forces. Now we have 358 stores, one in every major city in the country.

REGISTER: I notice that you were also President of another large chain.

Mr. Lane: Yes, when the McCrory chain was starting out, we merged and I took over their direction until they were started. Since then I have given the titles of President and Chairman of the Board of these companies to younger men on their way up.

REGISTER: Are you often in Boston anymore?

Mr. Lane: Once in a while I find an opportunity to visit the city. Most of my family is still there and there is a great deal of nostalgia involved. I was very unhappy when the Red Sox lost the series yesterday. They should not have put Lonborg in with such short rest.

REGISTER: That's what our cab driver said, too.

Mr. Lane: Oh, yes, everyone in New York was rooting for the Sox. Speaking of Boston, I have seen that new complex Prudential erected on Bolyston street; that's what Boston needs. Of course, they had to take Mechanics Hall in the process.

We used to have our Prize Drill competitions in Mechanics Hall. I remember vividly one final competition. The platoon I was in charge of was given no chance in the city competition, but we came in second and I was given a high rank for the parade. Do they still have the parade?

REGISTER: Not any more. The whole system is cutting back on drill.

Mr. Lane: I suppose it is hard to include it in a modern curriculum; but, oh how Col. Babcock's voice used to resound throughout that gym hall! He was a retired army officer and he was rugged. That was in the building over on Warren Avenue, which we shared with English.

REGISTER: English and Latin in the same building?

Mr. Lane: Only some central facilities, like the gym hall. They made sure that there were never mixed activities though. There was never any love lost between us. I think the rivalry was even worse because we were so close. I understand now that English is across the street from Latin.

REGISTER: Yes, but they're planning to move out to a new campus location. We've been told Girls' Latin will move into the old building.

Mr. Lane: That would be a change. We never saw any girls when we went to school, at least not during school hours.

REGISTER: As a matter of fact, we even have women teachers on the faculty now.

Mr. Lane: I imagine it will take a while to get adjusted to that. Eventually though, they will probably gain the same respect that the old masters achieved. Our masters had been at the school for years. They put us on our own, and we learned.

I remember people like Henry Penny-packer and Stuffey Gross who pretended to call on students alphabetically. However, they didn't always do that much to the great upset of those of us who were on teams and spent a great deal of time practicing. Our athletes studied of course, but sometimes they joined the Monday Morning Walking Club, but I'd better not tell you about that.

Some new members of the faculty were always plagued. I recall boys pulling tricks like attaching a string to the window pole and pulling it during a serious discussion. Yet that faculty succeeded in getting the vast majority of its boys into Harvard.

REGISTER: Do you ever have an opportunity to meet with any of your fellow classmates?

Mr. Lane: Not very often. There are many, many successful alumni from my class all across the country. There is Cornelius McGuire, the big corporation lawyer in Washington. And then there is Ambassador Kennedy, who eclipsed everyone else in the class.

Joe's father was an active politician in East Boston. Joe was President of the Class and Captain of the Baseball Team; he owned the school. It was Joe's father who succeeded in having Pat Campbell appointed as a junior master at the school, and then made sure that the school teams had the best athletic equipment.

We are trying to get an alumni association organized here in New York both as an association and as a source of scholarship assistance. Now that everyone has to go to college there is a much greater need for such groups. I have always been very grateful to the Latin School because it was with my Latin background and what I learned on the job that I was able to succeed in retail business.

Now it is a different story altogether. A young man can not work the same long hours to attract the attention of his superiors. The degree counts so much more. The law will not allow the type of work week that I worked when I was starting out.

These changes are not all harmful, though. We have computers that make things much easier for our employees. Come on. I'll show you our UNIVAC banks on the twentieth floor.

We went with Mr. Lane as he showed us the central processing plant, his plans for a new Manhattan central office building, pictures of his prize sail boats, and the sales reports from his regional headquarters in Denver, Miami, and Chicago.

New York was a maze of lights from 16,000 feet. And as we soared northward through the night, we thought of Mr. Lane's words, of time constants, and variables.

(The interview was conducted by Editor-in-Chief Bill McQueeney and Feature Editor Dick Clarke.)



Home Sweet Home

*Damp, dark, and dreary
It's where you go when
weary
And you're so tired
And you've been fired
by the world.*

*Damp, dark, and dreary
It's where you go when
weary
And you need a rest
A real long rest
Because your work's
been hard.*

*Damp, dark, and dreary
It's where you go when
weary
Six feet down
in the ground
Welcome home!!!*

— Tutlys, A. J. '68

Fantasy

*A pleasant dream,
full of joy, pleasure,
fun — away from
the pain of unlove;
skipping in gardens
full of color,
and stopping
to breathe the
pleasant forest air.*

*The leaves are falling,
the garden is brown,
the color is gone,
but it will
soon return,
I hope.*

*The dream is over
and I awaken to die.*

— Tutlys, A. J. '68

Something of Interest



ON JUNE 15 eight members of the Senior Class traveled to the Amherst campus of the University of Massachusetts for the annual week-long government simulation called Boys' State sponsored by the Massachusetts Department of the American Legion.

The Latin School delegation, the largest of the two hundred participating high schools, consisted of gubernatorial candidate Conny Doherty, State Senator Tom Connelly, State Treasurer Vinny DiCara, School Committeemen Gerry Pirkot and Bill Fitzsimmons, newsman Sam Fistel, Police Commissioner Kev Stuart, and Newspaper Editor Rich Clarke.

The summer was not solely devoted to political action. In an effort to maintain leadership in the face of ever increasing competition, many students attended special summer courses on college campuses throughout the country. A total of twelve Latin men were enrolled in M.I.T.'s twice a week program, Summer Studies for High School, while nine Latin students attended the Computer Programming Course at Northeastern University. Boston Latin School was also represented by six scholars at the S.E.E.R. Group Discussion series at Harvard University. The moderator of the series was Leonard Levine, B.L.S. '65, Columbia '69.

This summer following his nomination by the New England District of Key Club International, Senior Tom Connolly flew to the International Convention in Louisville, Kentucky. After an intensive four day schedule of campaigning in the southern summer heat, Tom was elected an International Trustee by the three thousand convention delegates.

The first International officer from New England in six years and the first ever from Latin School, Tom will serve as Councilor to the Ontario-Quebec-Maritime Provinces District, as well as the New England District of Key Club International.

At the same time other Latin School men were gaining executive posts in other multi-school student organizations. Senior Steve Smith rose to the position of Regional Co-ordinator of the Massachusetts Teenage Democrats Organization. As "Teen Dem" Co-ordinator, Steve is organizing the high school age Democrats throughout the Commonwealth.

Also elected to a statewide office was Senior Rich Clarke, new President of the Massachusetts Junior Council on World Affairs. The Council is operating in its first year of student administration, assisting international relations clubs in high schools throughout the Commonwealth.

From August 26 to September 1, four Latin School representatives attended the 52nd Anniversary Conference of the Order of the Arrow, an organization administered by the Boy Scouts. The special encampment was held at the University of Nebraska.

To prepare for the coming '67-'68 debate season four officers of the Forensic Society attended summer forensics institutes. Vin DiCara, Class I, achieved an unbeaten record in the tournament competition at the University of Hartford Institute. Bill Keenan, Class III, was named division champion at Ohio State Institute in Athens, Ohio. Meanwhile at Georgetown University, Rich Clarke, Class I, and John Hogan, Class II, defeated 160 debaters and received honors from Father Gerald Campbell, the University President.

At the Red Cross Training Conference held at Xavierian High School in Westwood, Kirk Siegfriedt, Class II, Vice President of the Greater Boston chapter of the Red Cross Senior High School Council, represented B.L.S.

At the Orthodox Youth of America Convention, which was held at the Sheraton Plaza from June 30-July 3, James Bezreh, Class II, represented the Boston Chapter.

Latin scholars were also present from July 31-August 20 at the International Leadership Training Conference at Camp B'nai B'rith in Starlight, Pa.

On November 4th, the Latin delegation attended the year's first state wide meeting of the Junior World Affairs Council held at Fisher Junior College. The Council was addressed by Professor Quester of Harvard University, who spoke on United States commitments abroad. In a follow up program at the Latin School, **Register** Editor-in-Chief Bill McQueeney is slated to appear at the December Regional Meeting where he and a forum of Junior Councillors will discuss American commitments in Vietnam.

The excitement and pressure of the first marking period were forgotten as the Red Sox pulled off the coup of the year by capturing the American League Pennant after the closest race in the history of the League. The Cardiac Kids pulled off three more of their patented breathtaking finishes before Jim Lonborg folded beneath the super-human onslaught of Cardinal Bob Gibson.

On October 23rd, the school played host to hundreds of interested voters when it held its Candidates' Night.

On November 1st, boys from all classes boarded the charter bus to the Exhibition of Russian Education at Boston College. In spite of our diverging cultures both students and Russians were admirable advocates of peaceful co-existence.

The Key Club added another page to its distinguished history of community service with the inception of its alley clean-up program. This month the Key Club devoted an entire afternoon to cleaning up a blighted section of Gainsborough Street.

On Thursday, November 2nd, the first of this year's Forum programs was presented to Class VI. Junior John Hogan and Seniors Tom Connolly and Bill McQueeney discussed the problems of America's over-extension in Southeast Asia.

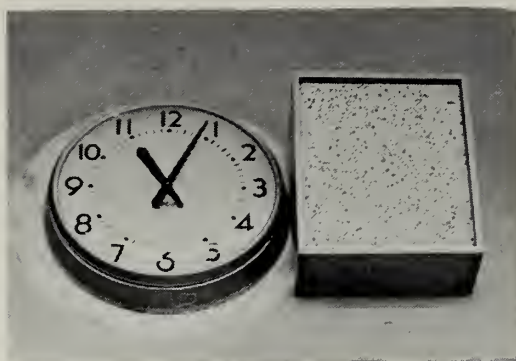


— K. C. Scott

Clarke Probes Forum

The first public Declamation was held on Friday, November 3rd. Taking first place was Rich Clarke, with John Hogan close behind him. Chris Kennedy, Class III, Paul Hogan, Class IV, and Bill McQueeney, Class I, tied for third place.

Despite the famous constancy of the school, progress and change have become yearly traditions. Returning to classes in September, the students found the renewal process of the administration going full speed ahead. Computers were in the new basement activity rooms and soon Messrs. Maisey and Casey were instructing the upper two classes in the marvels of the binary brain. Throughout the building electricians were installing a new intercom system, which will facilitate communications and improve the system of school-wide announcements.



— Alan Kuritsky

BEEP . . . BEEP . . .

Perhaps the greatest change of all, however, is to be noted on the second floor. Centuries of tradition were put aside in an effort to obtain the best instructors possible for the Latin School faculty. Thus does one notice four young *magistrae*.

KUDOS KOLUM

Congratulations are in order in this issue to the Class Officers for this year. President Phil Kearney, Vice President Richie Fournier, Treasurer Al Kuritsky, and Secretary Louis Morgante.

Victorious in the Victory Club elections

were Connie Doherty, Class I, President, Steve Connolly, Class I, Vice President, Nick Mazares, Class II, Secretary, and Tom Faletra, Class I, Treasurer. . . . The senior class again took high honors on the National Merit tests; six semi-finalists and thirty-nine letter of commendation winners. . . . The political intuition of the students was tested in a simulated mayoral election on September 22. The winners were, in order of votes received, Logue, Sears, White, and Hicks. . . . Sixty seniors made up for the inaccuracy by swiftly reporting exact precinct tallies to WNAC-TV central on the eve of the primary and again on the eve of the election. . . . The Key Club welcomed in the year by sponsoring an Induction Banquet at the Charter House for new members and their parents. Later the Executive Board attended the Charter Night dinner in Holliston. . . . The World Affairs Council chapter participated in an eight week foreign policy simulation "War Game" with National Educational Television UHF station 44. . . . The Professional club began the year by examining banking with a guest speaker from the First National Bank of Boston. . . . The windows of the school were painted bright what?

The Weatherman

*It seems to be his chief delight
To promise weather, fair and bright,
And now and then, of course, he's right.*

*Sometimes he pulls some rare surprises,
And often when we're forced indoors,
He practically apologizes
Because it pours!*

— Steve Savicke '68

Tanka

*Inspiration came
In the fleeting dreams of night.
With paper near me,
I woke, wrote, then slept again.
To read at dawn, "write it down!"*

— William McQueeney '68

Hope vs. Fate

*Old
Man
Time
Walks slowly, but his scythe strikes hard
And Clean.*

*And
No
Man
Wants to watch life slip away — old man time
Is Mean.*

*But
He'll
Never
Run away for good — sooner or later —
Sooner.*

*He'll
Trip
And Fall.*

— Tutlys, A. J. '68

Strange

*Strange it seems
That life
Can be so lonely.
Full of depressions,
Fear, mistrust, and
Of course
Unlove.
And yet, one struggles
Along, trying
To make his life
Worthwhile,
And eventually
Leaves the loneliness
Of the world
And dies.*

*Strange it seems
That death
Can be so lonely.*

— Tutlys, A. J. '68

THE 81ST
ANNUAL LATIN ENGLISH
THANKSGIVING DAY GAME

— Cornelius Doherty '68

THE RALLY



— Christopher

THE NIGHT BEFORE

Exciting is the best word to describe the general feeling at the Latin School the day before the big game. This year was no exception. A thousand PURPLE POWER buttons and a thousand copies of the **Boston Herald Traveler**, featuring an article about the football team, were quickly sold out. The lines for tickets and programs were long. And everyone was eagerly anticipating Thanksgiving Day and THE GAME. The excitement of the day was climaxed by the rally.

Members of the Victory Club had spent long hours the night before preparing for the rally by making a dummy, painting megaphones, etc. And it was with much surprise and consternation the next day that they discovered that some rather daring individuals from the institution across the street had sauntered, noticed yet unhindered, into the school, stolen the dummy from the assembly hall, and sauntered out of the building. The aristocracy of the intellect, of course, was not to be hampered by such plebian foolery. Another dummy was hastily made, and the rally went on. Former football players Bob Dowd, Ed MacDonald, Bob Timpson, and Scottie Guild returned to the school and spoke at the rally along with the Headmaster and Coach Smith. A pot-bellied dummy, symbolic of the typical English High football player, was carried on to the stage. Taps were sounded, and a moment of silence was interrupted by raving Bob Forte, who, brandishing a sabre, charged down the center aisle and wiped out the effigy. The wolf (Tom Feletra) tore apart the remnants of the dummy. The rally then ended with a few cheers, and repeated choruses of the school song.

That night about seven hundred graduates of the Latin School attended the Annual Alumni Association Banquet at the Harvard Club of Boston. Among those present was Roy Larsen, Editor of **Time**, **Life**, and **Sports Illustrated**, who was guest of honor and who received the Boston Latin School "Man of the Year Award" and also a complimentary Purple Power Button. Doctor O'Leary spoke, urging all those present to attend the game, and telling them that even if a team lost every football game of the season yet won the English-Latin game, the season would be perfect. Mr. Smith also spoke. He devoted much time talking about the team, the not too good



— Al Kuritsky

**THE
HEADMASTER
AND MR. ROY
LARSEN OF
TIME-LIFE.**

THE GAME



— Augis

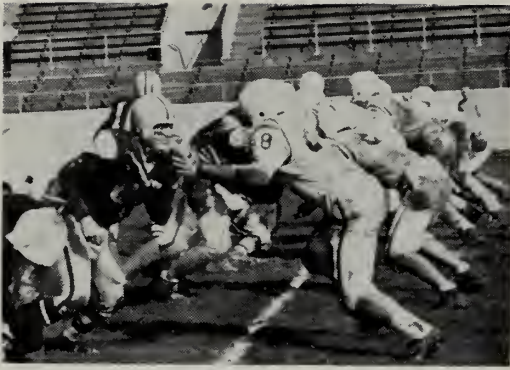
season, etc. Yet he expressed fullest confidence in the team for the English-Latin game, and predicted a victory. After the banquet, the festivities at the Harvard Club continued on into the night and we understand that everyone, teachers and alumni, had quite an enjoyable time.

Tension prevailed at the beginning of the 1967 Latin-English football game. Both teams wanted to score early, hold on to the lead, and insure victory as quickly as possible. But nothing of the like was to happen. The first half was played between the thirty-yard lines, with neither team accomplishing anything spectacular. It was obvious, however, that Latin was playing the better game; the offense gaining more first downs, and the defense forcing English to do most of the punting. All Latin needed to win was the right breaks to accompany the hard work. These well-deserved breaks the team got during the second half.

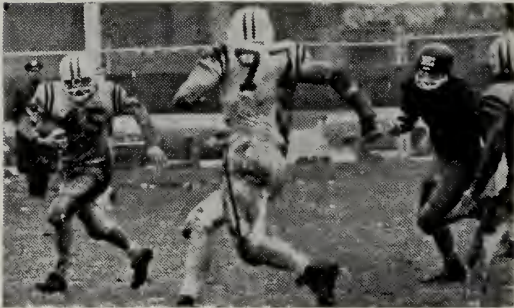
The 90 per cent effort Coach Smith claimed Latin had put forward during "first half was replaced with Latin's best during the second half. When Latin returned to the field, their earlier tension was replaced with an earnest enthusiasm to play hard and to win. Bill Stone began the advance with the right combination of plays, and when he passed he connected. On the receiving end of those passes was Bill Fitzsimmons, who made some key catches and also a key interception. Backs Linc Pope and Jay Porter were gaining yardage on the ground in spite of the slippery condition of the field. The line was solid, giving Bill Stone time to work, and the defense was holding the English offense to a standstill.

Then it happened. The Latin defense again forced English to punt. Receiving the punt was Jay Porter, who hesitated, then outran one would-be tackler, and, thanks to blocks by O'Donovan, Gettleman, and Costello, sped unhindered seventy-eight yards along the left side for the touchdown. A few seconds later, Porter again crossed the line into the end zone for two more points, making the score 8-0 in favor of Latin.

A brilliant defensive effort gave Latin the ball two minutes later, and again it happened. The handoff went to Linc Pope. The line opened a hole, and Pope dashed through, broke two tackles, and



— Augis



— Augis

THE NIGHT AFTER

IN RETROSPECT

turned on his speed, outrunning two English backs fifty-four yards for the touchdown. The score then became 14-0, in favor of Latin. English produced no threat during the entire game. In fact, the only threat besides Latin's offense was the rain, which was more than a threat; it was a happening; the many people who nearly caught pneumonia watching the game can attest to that. But, in spite of the weather, the Latin team and the Latin fans were jubilant. Purple power prevailed and the game ended with the score Latin 14 and English 0. All the purple people happily returned home, dried off, and had a tasty turkey dinner.

Every year the senior class sponsors the Thanksgiving Day Dance. Though it is commonly referred to as the Victory Dance, some years it unfortunately has to be called the Purple and White Dance. This year, however, we could thankfully call it the Victory Dance because we won the game. About one hundred couples attended this year's dance, held at the Romada Inn in Allston. The "Fantasmagorical" Harvey Mason and his equally "Fantasmagorical" Orchestra entertained. More entertaining, however, were Richy Kontos, Chris Kordis, John Dugan, Tom McNaught, and John O'Donovan who took over when Harvey and company took a rather lengthy break.

Mr. Desmond, Mr. Smith, Mr. Sanford, and Mr. Colbert attended. The dance was generally and properly quiet. The more romantic left early to dine. And many others left to go to a party. Indeed, a splendid time was had by all.

The dummy was stolen. The new megaphones (\$67.50 worth of them) were the wrong color. Harley Mansfield and his airplane were grounded because of the fog. Everything but the national guard was called out to prevent trouble. The rented wolf costume (\$40.00), which was later discovered to be made of paper-mache, fell apart in the rain. Harvey Mason played at the Victory Dance. It rained: it poured out at the game. Everyone was soaked. Many people caught colds. The team's final record for the season was 2-5-2. In spite of all this, the Latin school spirit was high, because we won the Latin-English game, and that was all that really counted.

SPORTS

FOOTBALL



RINDGE TECH

A highly inspired Latin team faced Rindge Tech at White Stadium in its third game. Rindge won the coin toss and elected to receive. The Latin defense held and Steve Gill recovered a Rindge fumble. On Latin's second play from scrimmage, Jay Porter smashed off tackle and sped up field fifty-six yards for a touchdown. From then on the defense played well and the offense continued to threaten. At half time the score was 6-0, in favor of Latin although it should have been considerably more. Latin received the kickoff in the second half and marched to the Rindge three yard line before the drive was halted. Rindge fought back to tie the score as the defense continued to let Rindge "off the hook" in long yardage situations. Latin's offense drove several times deep into Rindge territory, only to be thwarted by penalties. Two touchdowns were called back and another drive halted because of penalties. This was by far Latin's best game of the young season. Jay Porter, Bobby Gallagher, Steve Gill, and Nick Mazares were the standouts in a fine team effort, which ended in a 6-6 tie.

MALDEN

Latin, full of enthusiasm and hope for the new season, played its opener against a strong Malden team. The first half was

a defensive battle. Malden scored first but the Latin team came roaring back to tie the score, thanks to some fine running by halfback Linc. Pope. The score at the half was 6-6. Everyone was now confident that the Latin team would win. Unfortunately, during the second half the breaks went against Latin. A blocked kick



— Al Kuritsky

and an interception led to quick Malden scores. A determined Latin team battled to the finish with Pope scoring again, but it was too little too late. The final score was 31-12. The outstanding defensive players were Billy O'Brien, Joe Costello, and Ed Hubner. Lincoln Pope sparkled for the offense.



— Al Kuritsky

WEYMOUTH

Encouraged by their fine performance against Rindge, Latin prepared for the coming Weymouth game. The team was highly confident that it would upset the heavily favored Weymouth team. Weymouth at this point was Class A leader and unscored upon. Weymouth received the opening kick-off and because of a defensive lapse scored on a long touchdown pass. The conversion was good and Weymouth led 7-0. Latin was able to return the Weymouth kick-off only to their own five yard line. From this point quarterback Billy Stone led the Latin eleven ninety-five yards to paydirt. The holes in the line were opened by the stalwart blocking of Steve Gill, Dennis Irving, Chris Kordis and Bob Histen. Mingoelli and Pope ran hard through the highly touted Weymouth defense. However, the Weymouth offense was too powerful for our defense. Weymouth capitalized on Latin's mistakes and by half-time the score was Weymouth 29, Latin 6. In the second half Weymouth continued to control the ball and roll up the points. In the fourth quarter Latin, led by sophomore quarterback Billy McHugh, drove again through the Weymouth defense, although they failed to score. All in all there were many encouraging individual performances, but the Latin team continued to make mistakes which proved to be fatal. Final score was 50 to 6.

BROOKLINE

Latin's next opponent was Brookline. From the outset, the game appeared to be

a defensive battle. Latin's offense seemed always to be deep in its own territory and couldn't get moving. The defense, however, was able to contain the Brookline offense. Mistakes led to the Latin downfall. Brookline intercepted a pass and returned it for a touchdown. They scored once more in the period and the score was 13-0 in favor of Brookline. Fumbles and interceptions hurt Latin again in the second half; Brookline capitalized on these mistakes and scored two more touchdowns. Outstanding defensive games were turned in by Alan McCourt and Jimmy Finn, who were pressed into action because of the injuries of six other starting backs. The defense played well but the offense was erratic. It consisted almost entirely of a long pass completion from Dave McEttrick to Mike Feehily. It should be noted at this point that Latin has played against many of the top teams in the state and with a few more breaks would have done considerably better. The final score was 27-0.



— Al Kuritsky

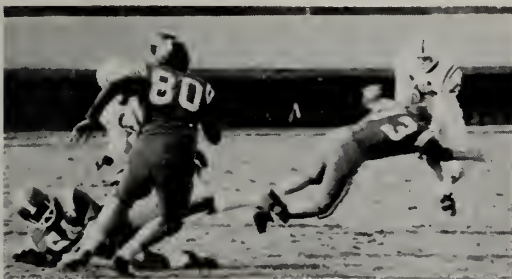
LYNN CLASSICAL

Latin's next game was against Lynn Classical. Perhaps suffering from a psychological letdown after the disappointing loss to Malden, the Latin team played very poorly. Its offense just could not get on course and although the defense played well at times, it let Lynn "off the hook" in the key situations. At half time the score was 20-0 in favor of Lynn. During the second half Latin played much better but could not get on the scoreboard. The final score was Lynn 26, Latin 0.

BOSTON TECHNICAL

Latin returned to City League competition against a strong Tech. team. Things looked gloomy from the beginning when Technical ran the opening kickoff back for a touchdown, but Latin fought back. They kept Tech. deep in their own terri-

tory thanks to some fine punting by Mike Stone. Latin finally scored on a "bomb" from Dave McEttrick to flanker Bill Fitzsimmons. Tech. drove for a touchdown and scored again on an interception with less than a minute to go in the half. During the second half Tech. scored twice more before Latin came back to score. Fine running by Mike Stone and Jay Porter set up the final touchdown, scored by Porter. Again it was a disappointing loss for Latin who could not capitalize on Tech.'s mistakes and gave Tech. the big



— Al Kuritsky

play when they needed it, putting Tech. over the top, 32-12.

CROSS COUNTRY

This year's Cross-Country Team was a disappointing one. Faced with tough meets and an injury-riddled varsity squad, the purple were unable to win a meet. Captain Rich Fournier sustained a back injury early in the season, and was bothered by it until the closing meets of the season. This injury seemed to trigger off an uncanny rash of injuries to the top runners on the team. Clive Doran, the strongest runner on the squad during the early meets, was idle for the season with a knee infection. Larry Grey, Mike Pearson, and Steve Stanislawzyk all missed at least a week because of leg injuries. Thus the purple were unable to compete with the full squad in any of the season's meets.

The team although winless did not fail to make many good showings throughout the season. A particularly bright aspect is that the team is so young. There are only three seniors on the team, and eight of the top ten runners are underclassmen. Those associated with the team know the great potential of many of our young runners. As far as I can see, the team will bring much credit to the school for the next few years.



— Augis

The varsity runners who ran consistently well were Fournier, Dugan, Doran, Grey, Stanislawzyk, Pearson, Farrell, Bonica, Thibeault, Hogan and Duggan. There were many fine J.V. and Freshman runners such as MacKenzie, Kougeas, Morrison, Connolly, Schroth, Arnold, King and Hickey. Special recognition should be given to senior Greg King who during the course of the season greatly improved his time.

Boston Latin school has one of the largest student bodies among the City League schools. Yet every year our cross-country teams are much smaller than our chief opponents. The small number of upperclassmen, especially seniors, participating in cross-country, is a disgrace. Let us see if next year we can not remedy the situation.



— Augis

The team would like to thank Mr. Fielding for his valuable work and patience with the runners. Next year he should be rewarded with a long overdue Regimental championship.

FALL CREW

This appears to be Latin's year for Fall Crew. The first boat of this year looks to be, to everyone who follows the city crew races, very big and very fast and will improve if there is room for improving.

This powerful boat of purple paddlers is coxswained by senior Rich Squillante (co-capt.), and is powered by three year veterans John Stabers (co-capt.), George Heos, Jim Gannon, Bill Anastas, Dan McDevitt, Paul Agrippino, Rich Murray, and Dennis Bechis. The second boat is led by sophomore coxswain Dave Kelly and is manned by oarsmen Clabaugh, Chisholm, Bezreh, Cavanaugh, and Evans, who make up the nucleus of this boat.



— Al Kuritsky

This big, fast Latin team goes through strenuous practices and will be quite the team to beat. In the first race, Latin was third with only one boat length separating the first three boats. In the second race, our boys beat Trade and English, but failed to catch Tech. In the third race, no one could catch our men as they streamed ahead and won by one and a half lengths. The running of the fourth race saw Latin finish second by only one foot, and after setting a course record of four minutes and thirty seconds, better the old record by one minute.

Good Luck, Coach Vara!

SOCCER

The B.L.S. soccer team began this season with the definite advantage of twenty-three returning veterans, eight of them lettermen.

Hoping for a good season, B.L.S. met St. John's-St. Hughe's in the season open-

er. Latin emerged victorious with a score of 4-1. The Latin scorers were Paul Eng with two goals, Joe Quan, and John Wong with one apiece. Our outstanding defensive team of Nortwich, Groden, McGurn, and Rossi limited our opponent's scoring to one penalty shot.

A fast-moving Tech. team handed Latin its first defeat of the season with a score of 6-3. Goals by Joseph Wong, Rossi, and Lauterbach accounted for Latin's three points.

B.L.S. bounced back in its next game against Commonwealth Prep. Early in the first quarter Sullivan drove through the opposition to score unassisted. A late game rally by Commonwealth tied the score, forcing the game into overtime. The game ended in a 1-1 tie as both teams failed to score in two overtime periods.

Plagued by injuries, Latin next faced a highly rated English team. Latin's defense tried to keep pace with the fast English forwards who monopolized on the off-sides play and scored at least two questionable goals. English's strong defense held the B.L.S. forwards ineffective although Lauterbach made fastbreaking attempts to score. Favorito was injured and Feinberg took his place at the net. Despite a valiant attempt by Feinberg English walked away with a 6-0 victory.

Co-captains Yee and Lauterbach look forward to victory in the upcoming games.



— Al Kuritsky

The Register's Raving Reporter

September 7: In a fit of disgust, Ye R.R.R. sold his refrigerator. It was too much trouble cutting all that ice into little cubes just to fit into those trays.

September 14: On his way back from Horticultural Hall to report on an exhibition of exotic grasses, Ye R.R.R. saw the distinguished conductor of the Boston Pops on top of Symphony Hall. Try as he could, however, Ye R.R.R. could not make anyone believe he had seen a Fiedler on the roof.

September 20: Attention: Bobbie Gentry, Billy Jo is alive and well in Chattanooga. He just doesn't want to get involved.

September 27: Ye R.R.R. is truly concerned by the defeat of his candidate, whom he feels to be one of the finest persons money can buy.

October 3: Thin books in the Library: **The Many Friends of Charles DeGaulle** also **Where I Stand** by Hubert Humphrey.

October 9: Sixie: "Is it true that it takes five thousand cowboys to run the LBJ ranch?"

Fivesie: "Yes."

Sixie: "That's kind of funny when you realize that it only takes one cowboy to run the rest of the country."

October 15: Overheard in AP physics: But this is a physics problem; it has no relation to reality.

October 17: Ye R.R.R. is convinced that analytic geometry is very useful to athletes. Why else would Col. Chiarini have him do so much work with graph paper?

October 19: Ye R.R.R. today discovered Ed Logue's counterpart in the age of Pericles: Edifice Wrecks.



October 20: Overheard near 101: Master — "Do you always leave school this early?"

Scholar — "Yes, Sir, but I come in late."

October 25: Gleaned from across the street: An English Alumnus participated in the Indianapolis 500, making a record nine pit stops: two for gas and seven for directions.

October 31: Bulletin: All Latin School boys are asked to deport themselves as gentlemen tonight. The senior class is especially asked to refrain from wearing their class rings.

November 5: This column has been judged the best place to remind you that 299 is NOT 300.

November 6: Understood at the Russian Exhibition: Capitalism is the exploitation of man by man; Socialism is just the reverse.
Polemicist: Da

November 9: The Afro-Asian Culture club and the Deutsch Society have discovered Chinese-German food. It's not too bad but one hour later you're hungry for power.

November 10: After listening to the final game of the World Series, the staff made a unanimous decision to commit Harry Kari.

November 16: It was announced today that Lynda Byrd's Marine Captain fiancée, Charles Robb, will soon be transferred to Vietnam which proves that the President cannot be accused of cradling the Robb.

November 19: Overheard in 114: Master: What happens when you feed LSD to an IBM machine?
Student: You get a business trip.

November 20: Quoted in 511: Secondary education where education is secondary.

November 24: Old fashioned jokes column:
"Our Hockey team has something up its sleeve," said Tom with a puckish grin.

November 25: In honor of Governor Winthrop Day, take an Indian to lunch this week.

November 26: Discovered when the electrician came: Some of the Masters had no power in their rooms.

November 28: Then there was the cross-eyed teacher who couldn't control his pupils.

December 1: Overheard in 215: That's Hobbit not Hophead.

November 13: The Karate Club Board meeting BROKE up early.

October 20: The Victory club and the Debating Society met today for a re-definition of terms.

October 7: Overheard at Purdy's: I don't care if you are one of the Editors; you can't have your picture taken on a pony.

November 15: Overheard in 316: Master: What's a Quark?
Student: A New York duck.

December 5: The Centurian mentioned a story to me about the noble Roman who discovered the world's most intelligent berry. The Roman trained his berry and travelled all across the peninsula with it. The berry was widely praised. People came for miles around and paid money to see the berry perform. Soon the berry and its owner were prepared to retire and they moved to a modest villa on the outskirts of Florence. Then one night an evil looking Neopolitan knocked on the Roman's door. The Roman in a squeaky voice said, "Have you come to praise my berry?" The evil looking cat rejoined, "I have come to seize your berry, not to praise it."

December 7: Today Ye R.R.R. visited a Volkswagen showroom where he saw the motto: Think big and you're fired.

December 11: Overheard between 119 and 120:
Mr. W.: The students are revolting!!!
Mr. J.: Disgusting maybe, but revolting??

December 15: Overheard at home: No mother, the Key club is not associated with Playboy Inc.

December 18: The faculty chaperones attended the Victory dance where they saw the Frug, the Monkey, the Jerk, the Shing-a-ling and other leaders of the senior class.

December 19: Topic for the Science-Fiction prize:
What if the Russians beat us to Venus and Mars, and cut off our supply of pencils and candy.

December 20: Overheard all over the building:
Amo, Amas, Amat . . .

December 21: Overheard in 216: I don't get it! I just don't get it!!!



Caesarque iecit sua castra trans flumen.

Insegregius 'LXVIII



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